

Peck's Bad Boy in an Airship

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK

HE ELECTROCUTES THE WHOLE CREW

I never slept a wink that night after the phosphorus episode, when I painted the wild steer so it looked like a four-legged shoot and scared the crew so they nearly deserted the ship because the captain ordered as I supposed, that he cast overboard the next morning to give the sharks a trout sandwich, and all night I tried to prepare myself for death, though I could not help thinking that in some way I would escape.

The next morning I got up and collected all the clothes of the officers and got a blacking brush and began to paint them. There was trouble, however, every man refused his share, and they began to form a council and they found me working at the stove and singing. Peet has the same mother and such piano hymns.

I was dressed up in my Sunday clothes and when the captain and his crew saw me wonder to know what was the meaning of me sudden indolence and the unusual amount of around and I told him I had failed him till the ship by which we were forced, and I was preparing myself for death, and I gave him a look to make his heart skip if I had to go to that I left as nothing else was in the hold and ready and never seen one of the crew proposed that they show their disengagement by taking the meat and leaving it at the table.

Well if I have a cabin mate I will have him as friend, so I said. About a week I was sent ashore to get a load of coal and when I came back I had an iron chest and a box to show him, he came and made me open the box and he said "What is this?" and the captain it was not you I mean to throw overboard, but that phosphorus stuff that we almost lost sight. They are floating it out of the hold now with the tackle.



The Captain Got Up on a Chair and Pulled a Revolver and Was Going to Shoot.

We will save you for a worse fate. Well, I never felt so happy in my life as I did when that dead steer came up through the hatchway and was launched over the side, and when I saw the back of sharks jump on the steer and begin to hunt for the tender lots, I let out a yell of joy that sounded like the cry of a timber wolf.

Then I got what was coming to me. The captain gave me a swat across the jaw for making noise enough to scare the crew into mutiny, the mate gave me a kick when I started for the cook's galley, and several of the under officers hit me and by the time I got my apron on to help cook dinner I was bruised and mad and decided to fight even with the captain. I am a peaceful citizen until somebody walks on my frame, then I become a terror to the few.

When we began to fry the beef for dinner I told one of the crew that it was a shame to feed men on steer meat when the steer had died in its stall of Texas fever or rinderpest, and before we got the meat cooked, ready for the dinner of the officers and crew, every man but the officers had talked over the dead steer, and resolved that they would not eat it, and when they sat down to the table and I began to bring in the meat, they all looked like a mob of anarchists ready to murder somebody, and I helped all I could by saying in a whisper: "This is perfectly good meat, but this is a good day to fast, and you will live longer." The officers at the other end of the cabin were eating the steer all right, but the crew never touched it,

though some one would speak on me and as I started to make a get away, and hide somewhere until the storm blew over, one of the crew took me by the neck and said to the captain: "This young dog told us about the meat."

The captain told the fellow that had me called to take me to his cabin, and he came in pretty mad and called in a few officers and they were getting ready to kill me when I thought of the little electric battery in my pocket!

It so one I got in St. Louis to scare people with. I can turn a button and the battery will send electricity into my arm and through my body and I turned the diners, and felt the electricity going through me like ginger ale up your nose, and when they had got ready to nail me I began to weep and told the captain I was no saint but I wanted a quiet life, and all the fun I could have, and I asked him as a special favor to allow me to shake his hand before I died, as I knew my earthly career was about done for; and by that time the battery was buzzing, and I reached out my hand to shake his. He gave me his hand and when I began to squeeze his hand the electricity went up his arm so he turned pale and I hung on and he yelled to the officers to take me off, as I was killing him, and the sweat stood out on his face.

The mate grabbed hold of me and I gave him my other hand he began to dance, and the three of us were as full of electricity as a trolley wire. I hung on and made them get down on their

knees and swear they would not kill me, and then I let go of them and began to weep again, and they were sorry for me.

Then they made me tell them who I was, and that I was going to France to meet Pa, and monkey with air ships and when they were sure I was Peck's Bad Boy they said I could have the free run of the ship and that I had the right to play all the tricks on anybody that I wanted to.

They made me show them how I worked my little pocket battery and then they wanted me to shake hands with all the crew so they got the whole bunch in the cabin, and the captain said they had been entertaining an angel unaware, and that I was the original Bad Boy, who had traveled all over Europe and met the crowned heads, and he wanted to introduce me to each member of the crew personally as a distinguished guest who honored the ship by being on board. Then he began to pass them up to be shook by the great and only.

The first fellow to put out his hand was a Greek, who drew a knife on me once because the coffee was weak, and I gave him a squeeze that sent a shock through his system that knocked his teeth, and when the captain alluded to me as the angel child who was taught for fear and who had a charmed life that could not be destroyed by knives or guns, the Greek looked at me in a respectful way as though he didn't want to have any more truck with me.

Then a big Welshman came up and shook my hand and when I gave him the third degree he let go and jumped out of the window of the cabin, on deck, and began to use language that was equal to Russian, and then a Swede came hustling by me, thinking I must be at least a crown prince, and when I squeezed his hand, he looked at his fingers and his arm and trembling and squeaking said: "Ah tank a lot yuh name," and he lit out in a hurry.

A small Irishman came next, and as he was the one who promised to cut my ears off to serve on board, I gave him the limb, and he curled up like a toad on a diecast and laid down on the mat, making motions with his mouth as though he was repeating poetry, and he said: "Kite away from me to London, and be crawled out so quick it almost broke the door."

The captain and mate laughed every time I shook hands with any of the crew, and when I had paralyzed them all, and got them so scared they would come to me if I whistled, and eat out of my hand, the captain said: I was worth more toward maintaining discipline on the boat than a whole police force, and he wanted me to do something every day to keep the crew from being jolly, so that night at supper time I charged all of the steel knives and forks with electricity and got two dozen chasers ready for business.

It was to be the last night before we landed in France, and I was prepared to make it a meal long to be remembered. I sat next to the captain, and that brought me right close to the crew's table and when the crew filed in and took their places, they all looked at me as though I was the devil instead of an angel child."

I had a match all ready and when the supper was put on and the crew grabbed their knives and forks they were shocked real hard and they dropped them and yelled something like the swear words of each nationality, and then I put my nigger chasers down on the floor, headed for the crew's table, and lit the fuse.

Well, you know how nigger chasers will chase. Gee but they went under the crew's table, smoking and hissing, the sparks flew, and the brave crew got up and ran out on deck yelling fire and "murder," and damn that boy, and the man in charge of the fire hose turned it into the cabin and drowned everything out, and the crew run away and hid, and when things cleared off the captain said: "Boy, I like a joke as well as anybody, but you have overdone this thing, and I am mighty glad we land to-morrow, and you can go to your pa and his confounded airships and may the Lord have mercy on him."

Then we went to bed, and I expected some of the crew would stab me before anything, but I guess they were too much ratted.

Now, but I am dying to see Pa, and help him spend government money for eatings seems as though I haven't had a sumptuous meal since my chum and I struck that community near St. Louis, as escaped balloonists.

Him—How do you like my duck suits?

Her—It looks like a misnomer to me.

Him—A misnomer?

Her—Yes, it makes you look more like a goose.—Chicago Daily News.

CLOCK 240 YEARS OLD.

Old Heirloom Now Property of Carnegie Museum in Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, Pa.—A curiosity which attracted great interest in the collection of curios at the Carnegie museum during the sesquicentennial celebration is a clock of the "grandfather" type, so perfectly preserved that it appeared almost like a masterpiece from a modern clockmaker's shop. But it is really

GOLDEN RULE PAYS

EXPERIMENT WITH CLEVELAND POLICEMEN SUCCESSFUL.

Decrease of 65 Per Cent. in Arrests Under Plan Tried by Chief Kohler Based on Common Sense.

Cleveland.—After more than eight months' trial of the new Golden Rule policy of making arrests in Cleveland, Chief of Police Kohler has pronounced it unqualifiedly a success, and accordingly has given the policemen still greater power of discretion. The number of arrests in Cleveland in eight months of this year has shown a decrease of more than 65 per cent. over the same period last year, while, at the same time, no greater number of serious crimes than usual have been reported, despite the large number of first offenders allowed to go who, under the old regime, would have been arrested. However, Chief Kohler says that there are still too many arrests, and he is urging that further care be exercised in keeping the number down.

The Golden Rule policy, which Chief Kohler put into effect last January, provided that policemen should use judgment and common sense in dealing with offenses which are merely a violation of city ordinances and punishable by a small fine. They were told to take into consideration the intent to violate a law or an ordinance, and also the question of maliceousness on the part of the offender. They were instructed to warn a drunken man and send him home rather than drag him to jail on his first offense, and that two men fighting, if for the first time, should be separated, reprimanded with and not arrested.

The object of the new plan was to dispose of trivial misdemeanors without arrest and prevent the humiliation and disgrace of persons who through thoughtlessness, passion or temper or in a spirit of frolic or mischievousness violated the law. Likewise, it is intended to prevent the humiliation and disgrace of near relatives of such offenders. It was thought, too, that it would lessen the work of the police



Old Clock as It Looks To-Day.

240 or more years old, and it was only by approaching it closely that observers could detect evidences of the weight of years bearing on the finely-colored mahogany.

Only a few months ago the clock was a wreck, badly battered by the same old Father Time whose doings it was wont to record. Then it was the property descended to him through two preceding generations of G. F. Miller of Sewickley, Joseph F. Taylor, an expert in clocks, who lives at Ensworth, heard of the ancient and useless, save as a relic, clock, and procured it. At the end of five months' patient and persevering work Mr. Taylor had the old time-piece in the perfect state of restoration that won it approving comments at the sesquicentennial collection.

CONFIRM ENVOY'S RESIGNATION.

Mexican Ambassador to United States Quits Office.

Mexico City.—The Mexican foreign office has confirmed the resignation of Enrique C. Creel as ambassador to



CHIEF OF POLICE KOHLER

department and the attaches of the police corps.

How well the plan has succeeded in reducing the number of arrests is shown in the following table, which covers the period from the time it was put into effect to September 1:

ARRESTS IN 1902.	ARRESTS IN 1903.
January	158 January
February	229 February
March	271 March
April	434 April
May	331 May
June	750 June
July	260 July
August	238 August

The assertion was made at the first that the Golden Rule placed a dangerous discretionary power in the hands of the police. This has not proved true. In his bulletin to the police on July 1 Chief Kohler said:

"The members of this department have accomplished results even beyond my expectations in this common sense policy, which must be gratifying to you as well as myself, and I am sure it is to the general community. With your long and varied experience in police matters, I know that you are competent to judge. The last six months have shown that your judgment is good, and you have accomplished the results expected by me in our first instructions."

The police themselves are much interested in and are in hearty accord with the new plan. Some of them say that they tried to exercise judgment in making arrests for intoxication under the old regime, but did so on their own responsibility, while now they are supported by official endorsement. Now no person is arrested for intoxication on his first offense unless it be necessary for his protection or for the protection of another, or unless he is disturbing the peace and quiet of the city.



Enrique C. Creel.

The United States Senor Creel for some time past has held the double post of governor of the state of Chihuahua and ambassador at Washington, and he now desires to devote all his attention to the former office.

It is rumored here that the real reason for Ambassador Creel's resignation is that he will enter the Diaz cabinet as minister of government, colonization and industry, in succession to Olegario Malina, whose anti-American attitude in the matter of the mining law regarding concessions is said to have displeased President Diaz. Senor Creel is pronouncedly "American."